The White Fury

by E.FWriter

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Summary: Eight years after the death of Stoic the Vast, Hiccup is running the village with his wife, Astrid. They have only one heir to the chiefdom of Berk, their daughter, Akalya- the next 'hiccup' the village has to endure. With little to do and hardly any friends, Akalya takes her life into her own hands and ends up crashing upon what she believes to be... a White Night Fury.

1. Chapter 1: Beginning in Berk

Hey Everyone! So, I've done some MAJOR editing! Everything has been rewritten and some things have changed and some scenes have been added! I hope you all enjoy it!

I know you may ****think it's pointless to read something you've already read, but LOTS of things have changed and it'll all be important to the main plot.

On that note, I realise that some of you may even be annoyed by this rewrite, but I want you guys to understand that I had to rewrite it or I may have lost all interest in this story. I apologise for the inconvenience and I hope you guys will continue to support me in my writing.

**I promise NEVER to do a major rewrite like this again! :)
**

**Disclaimer: I DO NOT OWN any of the How To Train Your Dragon characters except Akalya (Uh-Cal-Ya). **

* * *

><p>It was like any morning on Berk; it was cold and drizzling, but somehow the sun had managed to peek through the darkened clouds. This sprung hope for a sunny season, which didn't come often to Berkians.

The village began to wake; shops unlocked their doors and opened their shutters for another day of business. The dragons began to stir. The elder ventured out of the secluded hut perched up in the clouds; her Terrible Terrors waddled and flapped on out right after, breathing in the dewy air. The ringleaders began preparing for another exciting afternoon of Dragon Racing, featuring the finest dragon riders in Berk. The Headmaster opened the newly painted doors to the new school, ready to feed hungry young riders with the satisfaction of training their very first and their very own dragons. Dragons used to be a bit of a problem on this isolated island, but that was fourteen years ago. Now they were just what made Berkâ€¦ _home._

Nine years ago, Berk had experienced a traumatic change of events when their heroic chief, Stoick the Vast, was killed in an epic battle. Since the terrible tragedy much had changed on Berk and in some ways for the better: Hiccup was anointed as the Chief of Berk and Toothless now assumed authority as "Alpha" (of the dragons) and enjoying every bit of attention that came with it. Both have had their limbs and tail in all directions trying to do what was best for their own kind. But, they've managed to always be there for each other when it counts. With things settled with Toothless, it was a mutual decision to send him to the school with Valka (who, now, remained in Berk as the Headmaster and school teacher for the young Vikings coming into school). Gobber makes an appearance every once in while, but the Forge keeps him and Grump pretty busy.

Meanwhile, the "original" dragon riders have all settled into their new lives and new families. Ruffnut found it in her heart to stop playing her admirers emotions. She agreed to marry Snotlout' the couple appear to be miserable to the people of Berk, but live happy lives at home with their two children, Ingrid and Rufflout.

The day after the great battle with the Drago's dragon army, Tuffnut met a pretty young blonde by the name Iris. For some reason unknown to the rest of Berk, she found Tuffnut cute and charming. They married quickly and swiftly. Tuffnut had become a whole new person with her. Unfortunately, after their daughter was born Iris died due to complications in the birth. Tuffnut called her Little Iris in honour of his wife's memory.

Fishlegs made peace with Ruffnut's decision. In fact, he hardly cared; he found love with the baker's daughter, a plumb, little woman with a big heart and the ability to cook. She was called Helga. Now, the bookworm, works in the Chief's archives where they document everything they know about dragons.

As for Berk's _it _coupleâ€¦.

Well, Astrid and Hiccup have their hands full with just one:

"Ahhh!" The blood curdling shrill pierced through the hut.

The tiniest child on Berk, with long blonde pig-tale braids, could be seen bouncing down the hall, avoiding specific floorboards on her way to the master bedroom at the other side of the hut. She reached up for the handmade door handle and pushed it open with all her mustered strength. Once, she crossed the barrier into the room she slammed the door shut and stopped, leaning her back against the door and panting from her exhausting run. Her eyes darted around room, examining her

surroundings. Then she looked at the bed. It was a mess; the furs and silk coverings were hanging off the side of the bed and lying in bunches on the floor. The child took a deep breath and then jumped to a floorboard ahead of her, then another, then another, then finally landing on the pile of furs on the floor.

She let out a sigh of relief before crawling up onto the bed that was placed in the center-right of the room. The girl squirmed under the remaining covers, making her way up to the head of the bed in between her parents.

A slender woman to her left rolled over, feeling the movement behind her and opened her sapphire blue eyes. The child grinned at her mother, Astrid Hofferson, who was looking terribly tired. It was fairly early in the morning and Astrid had her first day off in months. She was not thrilled with her daughters wake up call.

"Isn't there somewhere else you can play, Akalya?" Astrid asked drowsily.

"Daddy said to _always_ come to you when there's trouble," Akalya answered with a naÃ ve pout and innocent wide eyes.

At the sound of "trouble", Astrid immediately sat up in the bed, which startled Akalya had also jumped up.

Akalya gazed up at her mother. Astrid was a mess in the mornings; her thick, curly blonde hair was in tiny knots, loose and flowing down her back. Her bangs were sticking up everywhere. Her eyes had dark circles under them; she looked as if she hadn't gotten sleep in weeks, but her crystal eyes were wide open and full of panic.

Akalya saw such beauty in her mother; the mother with imperfections the rest of the village never saw.

"What's wrong?" Astrid huffed, with nerving anxiousness. She didn't even hesitate.

Akalya looked her mother in the eye and answered with her straightest- most serious face possible. "Yes, there is **lava **_covering _the entire floor!" She spoke sharp and firm, with deepened eyes. She over pronounced her consonants to make her point in this very serious problem she was having.

The tiny seven year old looked up so innocently into Astrid's narrowing eyes. Astrid groaned in annoyance and feel back onto the bed. Akalya mimicked her mother's gesture, confusing it for a game a sighed in resemblance.

"There is no lava covering this floor," Astrid took a deep breath.

Akalya pouted, "I'm not lying!"

Astrid titled her head to the right to look at her daughter and took a deep sigh. Akalya smiled in response, which just made Astrid smile back. Just then, the furs on the other side of Akalya began to ruffle. Astrid and Akalya looked over at one another simultaneously and smirked.

The two were very much alike, not only in appearance; with their button like nose, blonde hair, and lady-like freckles (however, Akalya inherited Hiccup's emerald eyes), but they also had similar personalities. They were like school children at times, playing games and always picking on Hiccup. They both appreciated strength and smarts. Hiccup often said it was like having two incredibly devious twins rather than having a loving wife and dutiful daughter. Since the time Akalya had begun to crawl, Astrid had her under her influence, teaching her daughter all of her little-known secrets and all of Hiccup's weak spots. The two found pleasure in their affectionate teasing towards the scrawny chief.

Both Akalya and Astrid shifted their physiques to face the heap of furs and on Akalya's count, Astrid outstretched her leg and kicked Hiccup hard enough to send him tumbling to the floor, the fluffy furs followed him. There was a _thud_ and a groan. Akalya crawled to the edge of the bed and peaked over. She giggled at her father as he scrambled back to his feet, hopping up and down like he was standing on hot coal.

"Ha. Ha." He grumbled, obviously not amused. Astrid and Akalya continued to laugh at him as he hopped over to the other side of the room where the closet was, "do you have any idea what time it is?"

"Time for you to do your job, Mr. Chief," Akalya smirked.

"Very funny," he muttered sarcastically, taking a seat on the 'bench' next to the one of the only windows in the hut.

Theirs was one the first homes to get windows in Berk. Hiccup discovered them during his travels to the northeast.

Hiccup moaned with the faintest pain, as he hooked the metal contraption to his scarred flesh. It didn't hurt at all after that, he swore; it was just the initial attachment that stung a little. Hiccup was then able to stand up and he started to take off his nightshirt and replaced it with a cream coloured tunic and leather vest. He hadn't worn his flight suit in an awful long time. Actually, he hadn't done much of flying lately either.

Akalya covered her eyes with both hands when she noticed her father picking out a pair of trousers. She didn't wait to see the rest of that show. When she heard the metal meet the floorboards and the footsteps grew louder as they came closer, she opened her eyes again.

"What are you doing in here, anyways?" Hiccup asked, fully dressed and ready.

Akalya opened her mouth to reply, but Astrid spoke first: "There was '_lava'_ on our floor, of coarse." Her tone was somewhere between mocking and slightly irritated.

"Well," Hiccup began, as he made his way back over to the bed, "I think we're safe now." He put on a charming smile and winked.

Akalya pouted, "I'm being serious."

"Hmm," Astrid hummed as she rolled her eyes; she almost never

indulged in her childish games.

Hiccup circled around the bed and sat at the very edge to adjust his peg leg hears. Astrid propped herself up and wrapped her arm around Akalya's abdomen, with one hand on the girls braids, pulling the tiny child closer to her.

"Hey!" Akalya protested, but she never squirmed. Last time she did that, Astrid accidently pulled out enough of her hair to make a small cat. It took weeks for it to grow back in full again and even then it required several haircuts and patience, which she didn't have.

Astrid didn't say a word in response to the child's crying out. She simply sat up and began to take out Akalya's pig tales and tie them neatly into a well-to-do side braid that complemented the one Astrid wore herself. It didn't take much time at all before it was finished and Astrid began on her own hair. Akalya ran her little fingers down the tight braid, not a hair out of place. She was amazed at how her mother could create such perfect braids in such little time.

Astrid watched her father as he fixed his iron foot into a walking position. It clicked into place and the gears rolled and _clicked _together.

"There we are," Hiccup murmured to himself. He set both feet on the wooden floor and the springs in his left foot squeaked when the pressure was added on them. Hiccup got up and walked around in a circle to make sure he had it adjusted properly.

As Astrid finished her braid, Hiccup made his way to the head of the bed. Astrid looked up at him and gave him an endearing smile. He leaned down and kissed her tenderly in a good morning lock.

"Ick!" Akalya stuck out her tongue displaying her disgust.

Astrid and Hiccup parted lips and looked over at their daughter.

"Hmm," Astrid smirked, looking rather pleased with herself.

By this point, Hiccup was already making his way out the door. Akalya frowned; she couldn't help but feel a little hurt that he didn't kiss her good morning like he usually does. He remembered her mother.

Astrid slithered out of the bed; she turned and smiled blissfully at Akalya before leaving the room, still in her nightclothes (which wasn't much of anything). Astrid moved her bare feet silently across the creaky floors. Somehow, Astrid found a delicate way to walk across them without making a sound. This came in handy whenever she had to sneak up on Hiccup. However, she could she probably do that with or without her delicate, silent feet.

When Astrid had disappeared from view, Akalya scampered off the bed and scrambled out of the room after her parents shouting: "Hey! I can't touch the floor!"

When no one answered her, Akalya pouted and slide ventured off the furs that covered the floor and chased after parents.

"Daddy!" She was shouting as she ran to the steps, having to serve past her mother.

Hiccup had his foot on the first step when Akalya finally caught up to him. He stopped and turned around. His little daughter had her nose pinched up and her arms crossed over her chest.

"You forgot about me," she frowned.

Hiccup grinned, "Did I?"

She nodded, "yes!" she said it firmly and unwelcoming. She was not happy.

"I don't think so," his eyes were gleaming, "C'mon, I'll make it up to you."

He scooped her up in his arms and threw her up in the air and then caught her in a cradle. He brought her up to his face and he kissed her soft temple playfully. His brisk stubble tickled her skin. All the while, she giggled until he settled her in his arms and carried her down the stairs. Feeling rather smug, she looked over his shoulder to her mother and stuck out her tongue tauntingly as if to show her she had won then game of winning his heart. Which Astrid already knew, Akalya had. But it was okay, but Akalya had hers as well. That's what child didâ€¦ they stole your heart. Astrid played along with her little game by mocking Akalya's smugness with the most exaggerated expressions she could think of. Akalya giggled innocently.

* * *

><p>The Hofferson-Haddock's were never better. Valka spent a lot of her time bonding with her son and her granddaughter. Hiccup was making a fine chief and an even better father. Even the introverted, short-tempered Astrid Hofferson found bliss in her seemingly boring life as a mother. There wasn't a better time that thisâ€¦ everything on Berk and in Hofferson-Haddock house was at peace. There was no battle to fight. No drama to ease. The dragons were safe and Toothless was a fine leader. That's how everything should've stayedâ€¦<p>

Hiccup was reminded of his promises. He made every effort to be there for his family. He came home early and stayed as late as he could in the mornings. He rarely saw Toothless anymore. But, as he promised Astrid the day he became chief and again when they got married: he would _always_ make time for her. As he later promised Akalya not a year later when she was born. The last things Hiccup wanted was a relationship like he had with his dad. No matter how proud Hiccup was of Stoick, he never felt understood or respected as a child by his father. There was no connection, not like the one he had with Akalya. He treasured that connection and hoped to the gods he wouldn't loose it.

* * *

><p>Astrid and Akalya sat at the wooden table in the kitchen. The fire burned low and the chill of the wind crept through the pores of the hut, making it cool. Astrid pulled Akalya into her embrace; the

child leaned her head up against her mother's side, as Astrid wrapped her arms around her. She took Akalya's finger and tied a string around it, showing her a childish trick she learned from her uncle when she was small.<p>

Meanwhile, Hiccup was left in the cold to do the heavy work. He found it ironic that since Astrid was the stronger one; she almost no heavy lifting unless you counted the thirty pounds on the skinny child she cuddled so close to her all the time. Just outside the cozy hut lay a pile of firewood in which Hiccup had to retrieve.

He walked past his two lovely ladies and went out the back door. It wasn't a far walk. However, they had a fairly large yard compared to most of the villagers. Hiccup had to cross a hand-carved wooden bridge that crossed, what was now, a frozen stream that cur through their land in from the exceedingly large mountain. On the other side of that bridge Hiccup found Stormfly and Toothless bouncing around happily in the brown patches of grasss that had amanaged to peek out of the ground. Stormfly had a large birch tree in her beak-like jaws. She clamped down on it; Hiccup could hear the wood splinter. Toothless circled her, flapping his wings, waving his tongue (not on purpose, it just didn't ever stay in his mouth). She cooed; it was her way of taunting him with her newfound toy. Much like Astrid and Hiccup, Stormfly and Toothless knew just how to irritate one anotherâ€¦ in the most affectionately playful way.

When the two dragons caught sight of Hiccup their whole bodies began to shake and wave and wiggle with utter excitement. Their scales shimmered with the catch of light that seamed to appear for a second and then disappeared behind the clouds again. Stormfly dropped her tree truck and pranced over to Hiccup.

Neither of the dragons had seen much of him since he became chief. Every millisecond with him was like having all tree trunks in their very own backyard.

Hiccup smiled and stroked her beak-like muzzle; she loud a comforted _coo_ at his gentle touch. She closed her eyes and leaned into his palm. She didn't get much time before a pushy Night Fury abruptly interrupted her. Toothless, who had wacked her with his tail to get her to move, took his rightful place at Hiccup's side and nudged his head under Hiccup's arm. The Night Fury looked up and smiled, bearing his moist, pink gums.

This look told the young chief everything:

"I missed you, too, bud," Hiccup scratched the top of Toothless' head. His ever-loyal Night Fury stuck out his tongue and purred in contentment. He had missed his companion. Things had changed around Berkâ€¦ and not all for the better. There was no time for flying or drawing or mapping out the worldâ€¦. However, they two buds were grateful for every lick of a moment they got together.

While Hiccup and Toothless shared a brief moment, Stormfly had pranced away to the edge of their yard where the firewood was kept under a small tarp (a shed or shelter), used to keep the wood dry. She reached inside with her talons and pulled out several logs of firewood. She came back with a jaw full and dropped the wood at Hiccups feet. She cocked her head to the side and clicked her tongue.

Hiccup grinned and threw on of the smaller logs on the top into the yard. Stormfly proceeded to chase after it in her favourite game of "fetch". She brought it back and set it back down at his feet; Hiccup threw it once more and then went inside with the heavy pile of firewood.

Back in the Hofferson-Haddock Hut...

Hiccup walked threw the door and into the kitchen, only to find that it was deserted. Both Akalya and Astrid had ventured upstairs while he was outside, most likely to get ready for the rest of their day.

It does take girls longer to get ready.

While Hiccup attended to the fire, his daughter sat on the floor of her room, staring up at her neatly orginised closet.

Akalya kicked her toes together in a nervous tick. She didn't like school. She tried her best to procrastinate getting ready.

The small child closed her eyes, her face was now facing upward towards the ceiling and she lay down on her back. She kept her door open just a sliver so she could listen to what everyone else was doing in the house. She had become fairly good at picking out her mothers steps in the room right next door. She listened to the way the floorboards creaked; this way, she could tell where her mother was in the room.

Creak.

Astrid was moving on bare feet over to the bed. She could tell because the footsteps grew softer and they were light.

Creak.

Her mother sat down on the bed. She stopped moving after that; she could tell because the room suddenly went silent.

Akalya let out a sigh and sat back up. She looked at her closet once more and then let out another sigh indicating she had already given up and then she slopped back down her back, sprawling her arms and legs out.

She had no desire to go to schoolâ€¦

Why should she be in a hurry to get there?

Astrid had picked out tree "first-day-of-school" outfits, which all consisted of a plain brown leather skirt, tan or dark brown fur boots, and a dark pair of green leggings. None of the outfits consisted of a helmet. Her mother said they were tacky and unnecessary. They were also unflattering. Akalya wasn't allowed to tell anyone since the whole population of Berk wore them except for her mother and her father. Astrid made the point that a helmet covered her beautiful blonde braids.

Akalya stared at her three options.

_If I stand here long enough, _she thought, _and just stare at these pre-planned clothes I'll be late. Maybe they won't make me go to school altogether. Maybe daddy will take me with him-_

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the creaky door being opened all the way. Akalya sat up and turned her body to face to the door. She frowned at the unpleasant sight of her mothers scowl. Astrid stood with her arms crossed over her chest with impatience.

Astrid was dressed in her normal attire; lightly coloured blue leggings, her spiked leather skirt, ruby red top, and fur hood. The only thing missing were her boots (she was still bare footed) and she wasn't wearing her shoulder armour, which she gradually has stopped wearing all together.

Astrid took a step inside the room and Akalya made an immediate spin around to face her selection of clothes once again. She made her decision quickly, feeling her mothers glaring eyes on her. Akalya went simple; quickly she slipped into her leggings and skirt, then pulling on a light pink/red shirt over top her torso. Akalya finished with her fluffy fur boots. Upon her completion of dressing on her own, she turned to face her mother and gave her the fakest smile she's ever had to give anyone in her entire seven years.

Astrid smiled with pride at her little girl. Without saying a word, she crossed the room on her bare feet. Halfway towards Akalya, she stripped herself of her fur hood and placed it upon Akalya's shoulder when she finally reached her, smiling proudly as she tied the strings in front. Astrid stepped back to admire her work of art (she wasn't thinking about the hood). She smiled the way only a mother could, with utter love and devotion. She crouched down to Akalya's height the best she could for such a small child and placed her hands on Akalya's shoulders, then slid them down her forearms, stopping at her hands.

She said, "See?" There was a hint of childlike fondness in her tone, "Now, you're a Viking. Not just any Viking-"

"A Hofferson?" Akalya finished, not really asking, having heard this speech before.

"Yes," Astrid felt rather smug, "And?"

"Haddock," Akalya said without hesitation, "Akalya Hofferson-Haddockâ€¦ the future of Berkâ€¦." She mocked, "pride of all Hofferson's and Haddock's alikeâ€¦"

Astrid sighed and stepped back, returning to normal height. Akalya, forgetting the fact that she had to go to school, snuggled into the warm, soft fur enveloping her neck and shoulders. Gently, closing her eyes, she rubbed her cheek against the fur of the hood. Suddenly reminded she was wearing it for school changed her attitude slightly. However, she was glad that she would have something of her mothers to carry with her today.

"I'm very proud of you," Astrid said, bringing her daughter into a warm embrace, "You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," Akalya whispered, wrapping her skinny arm around her mother's

neck, "Thank you for the hood."

Their embrace was short lived. For when the sound of the hut door being swung open and shut again with an obnoxious slam, the two girls parted. Astrid was the first one to move towards the door, but Akalya followed shortly afterwards, making her way to the stairs.

She met her mother mid-step. Astrid was crouched down low, peering through the banister, watching as Hiccup placed the firewood on the dying fire. Astrid jerked her head around when she heard the top of the stairs creak. Akalya stood frozen with one foot just above the next step. Her mother held her index finger to her mouth, silently hushing her. Akalya did so, and she joined her mother in crouching and watching.

Hiccup continued to move the wood around in the fire, as it grew into a healthy fame.

Astrid at this point she had crept to the bottom of the stairs and was no tiptoeing her way across the floor towards him. She got closer, held out one of her arms; she was close enough to touch him. That's when Hiccup jolted up and jerked around as fast as his Night Fury. Astrid screeched as he grabbed her by the waist and pulled her up, spun her around several times to make her disoriented before setting her back on the ground. During which, Akalya had giggled, pleased with her mothers defeat.

It wasn't often Astrid lost to Hiccup. She was naturally quicker and stealthier than he was.

"I had a feeling you were going to do something like that," Hiccup smirked and pulled Astrid closer, letting their foreheads touch; he nuzzled their noses together and went in for a kiss but-

"Ick!" Akalya voiced her disgust.

Hiccup and Astrid turned their attention to the small girl standing in front of them. However, this only made Hiccup pull Astrid even closer and he dared to steal a peck from her lips.

"Hmm," Astrid hummed satisfied, but eventually pushing her self free of his firm embrace. She preferred to keep their affections away from Akalya's young eyes. She remembered her parents telling her how inappropriate that sort of behaviour was in front of your children or in front of any child or adult for that matter. It was unbecoming.

Hiccup didn't seam to mind the rejection; he knew she would make up for it later. His attention was now set on his beautiful daughter. Her endearing emerald eyes met his and he couldn't help but smile. They crossed the kitchen simultaneously, meeting hallway through the room.

Hiccup smiled down at the little girl, "Well, look who's already for school."

Akalya tried to smile genuinely.

"You're the spitting image of your mother," Hiccup knelt down on his good knee, "Except these eyes," he placed a gentle hand on her cheek.

He kissed the tender spot of her forehead, "You're going to be fine today."

"Easy for you to say," Akalya muttered, "you don't have to go."

Hiccup sighed. He knew today was hard for Akalya. She had never gotten along with the other kids. He would've kept her with him all day if he could.

"You'll be fine," Hiccup repeated as he stood back up, "you can tell me all about it when I get home."

"Are you going to be out long?" Akalya asked, pouting.

"I'll try not to beâ€¦" was all he could promise.

Akalya pouted, crossing her arms over her chest. There was no compromising with a seven year old. Hiccup just shrugged. There was no use in trying to settle her. He turned his back towards her and looked back at Astrid, making his way over to her.

He leaned into Astrid, pressing his lips to her cheek with a sensual prolonged kiss, as he ran his hand down her forearm, "I'll see you tonight."

Astrid looked towards her husband and shook her head. Though a grin was trying to disguise itself as a disapproving scowl. Hiccup saw right through her. He smirked, rather satisfied with himself.

Hiccup turned to walk out of the hut. He opened the door and turned back around to Astrid, "Make sure she gets to school okay."

Astrid nodded. They both looked towards Akalya, who shrunk where she stood.

_This was going to be a terrible dayâ€¦. _

* * *

><p>Not too much changed in this chapter, but I hope you liked the subtle things. :)

The Following Chapters have A LOT of changes, big and small. I recommend you read it (even if you read the ones before this) because some of the changes may effect the overall plot, introduce new characters, fix small things that are part of something bigger, or rename a character (**which I have done once so far). **

It's just a matter of keeping up!

Thanks so much for your patience and I'm glad you've stuck around this long!

Don't forget to FOLLOW/REVIEW!

2. Chapter 2: Toothless

**Chapter two of the ****rewrite! Nothing new to tell, except

enjoy!**

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the HTTYD characters (except Akalya**).**

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><p>Akalya waved goodbye to her mother. It was established that Toothless would be the one to walk her to school. It made sense. He was after all, her new "instructor". He would be helping her grandmother and Cloudjumper.<p>

Akalya hoped for a better second year. Her first year had been torturous. It was all about the history of dragons and how to care for them. Akalya already knew that stuff. This year, however, they finally got to the opportunity to work with the dragons. This was the year they would have "the choosing". Every Viking at the age of seven has a ceremony of companionship where they would receive their lifelong partner, their dragon. Akalya was more nervous about this than anything else. Throughout the year, the teachers and advisors would decide which species of dragons best suits their personalities. She was afraid she would not get paired. It had never happened before, but Akalya felt as if she was a Night Fury. There was only one Night Furyâ€¦

Luckily she would always have Toothless. Today might not be as bad as she thought. With Toothless in the ring with them she figured she would have leverage over all the other kids.

The other Vikings didn't like her very much. She wasn't like them. She was in everyway her father when it came to social situations: awkward, clumsy, and wellâ€¦ a _hiccup_. She broke everything she touched and she had a tendency to hurt others with her silly antics. But worst of allâ€¦ she couldn't fly a dragon. All the other kids were bragging about how they had been practicing with their parents before school started. Ruffnut and Snotlout had taken their two kids on Hookfang, the Monstrous Nightmare. Both had soared through the sky like a natural born rider. Iris was next to start flying. Then when Hiccup tried to teach her to fly, she crashed Stormfly into the centre of the town and destroyed a centuries old stature of their founderâ€¦. her great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather. To the rest of the little Vikings in her class, this was just a year to get evaluated and get their dragons. But for herâ€¦ it was bigger than that.

Akalya walked the dirt path to the school. Toothless stayed on her heels. She wasn't usually so quiet. He knew she was uneasy about today. He grunted with hoy as he bounced around her, in attempt to make her smile. She looked at the ground. Toothless let out a deep purr and nudged his head under her arm, nearly knocking her over with all his weight up against her. He rubbed into her side and began to giggle. He new she was ticklish. He smiled and licked her cheek with his big, sloppy, wet tongue. Akalya began to giggle so hard that she fell to the ground.

"Okay. Okay!" Akalya managed to huff out, "You win!"

Toothless smiled down at her and then stepped back to let her stand on her feet once again.

"I hope you know that you ruined this shirt," she tried to say without smiling; wiping away the clear, sticky liquid that now covered her. Toothless let out a strange gurgling noise that resembled a Vikings chuckle.

Akalya pushed his nose in a playful way as she started to walk towards the school. Toothless grinned and pranced behind up behind her.

"You know," Akalya finally admitted, "maybe it won't be all that bad. With you and Grandma Val as my teacher, I won't be so scared of failingâ€¦" she smiled at the reptile and wrapped her little arms around his fat neck in a welcomed embrace.

Toothless hummed, leaning into the hug.

Akalya let go, "Alright, let's go," she said, "we're almost there."

When they finally reached the school, Akalya felt that same sick feeling in the pit of her stomach. She felt hesitant as she approached the large wooden door that opened into the training centre. She brought herself to reach up for the handle, but not to push it open. Toothless gurgled, as if telling her to go in. She kept her hand there, frozen, unable to will it to move. She looked back at Toothless; he gestured with his head to her to open the door. She turned back to the door. In a rush of insecurity and impulse, she drew her hand away from the handle and started to run in the opposite direction into the woods as fast as her little legs could carry her.

Toothless' eyes widened at the initial shock of her speed. Once he processed what happened, his eyes narrowed and he grumbled to himself in annoyance. He flicked his tail in aggravation, but he chased after her anyways. With a little help from the wind, Toothless was able to glide over her and land directly in front of her path. Startled by the Night Fury's flight, Akalya was thrown back, tumbling to the ground. Toothless stood tall above her, baring his teeth and letting out a low disciplinary growl.

"Humph," Akalya snorted, scrambling to stand up again. Toothless moved slightly, ready to stop her if she decided to run again, "I'm not going!"

Toothless grumbled as if to say, "Oh, yes you are!" It was a language Akalya had learned to translate.

"You can't make me," she protested, "You're just a pet!" She gasped and covered her mouth.

Toothless' eyes got wide as he whined.

"I didn't mean that," she immediately corrected herself, "It's just you don't understand some things. They don't like me! Pleaseâ€¦ please, don't make me go."

Toothless' stance changed, he loosened up and sat down in his haunches instead of towering over her like a beast ready to attack. He gurgled affectionately, stretching out his neck for her to touch his muzzle.

She placed a gentle hand on his head, "No one likes me thereâ€¦."

He responded with a purr as if to say, "I do."

"You don't count," Akalya pushed him away, "I'm not going," she began to walk around Toothless and deeper into the woods, "Now, I'm going with or without you."

Toothless watched her stumble over the uneven ground in the forest, and glanced back up at the school. It was obvious that his choice would be the woods. He pranced behind her with excitement. Placing his noise low to the ground, he snuck up behind her, pushing his nose underneath her body and she bounced up onto his back and slid elegantly into the saddle. She giggled and wrapped her little arms around his neck. He smiled with his tongue dangling in the wind.

"I promise," Akalya told him, "no one will even notice."

Then they went bouncing through the forest together.

* * *

><p>I know there wasn't much changed in this one either. There was some background information added to the top of this section.

Don't forget to FOLLOW\REVIEW

Also, check out the prequel to this story: "Say Yes" (still a work-in-progress).

3. Chapter 3: An Almost Moment

Chapter Three is the first chapter that had changed almost completely. Since, I took out all smut/lemons or anything incredibly sexual this chapter will be mostly fluff and some comical relationship moments.

Anyways, enjoy!

* * *

><p>Back at the house, Astrid tended to her off-work duties. Usually she was out on the field with Hiccup, but once a week she had to stay home and take care of the house or they'd be living in a mess. Astrid had to pick up after Akalya, mostly. She was still young yet so Astrid didn't mindâ€¦ too much. But the minute Akalya was old enough she'd teach her all the things to do as 'lady' as her mother before her had taught her.<p>

She finished up by picking up the ragdoll dragons of Toothless and Stormfly she had left on the table and put them on the stairs, so she would remember to take them up later. It was then that the door opened, startled at first Astrid flinched.

She jumped upon feeling someone's arms grasp her from behind, holding her in a tight embrace. She wriggled free, whipping around; she punched her assailant in the arm.

"Hiccup!" She gasped.

"Ow," he mumbled and rubbed the sore spot in which he had just been hit, "what was that for?"

Astrid shot him a look of annoyance, "What are you doing here?"

Hiccup smirked, "I don't have to be anywhere for the next fifteen minutes," he wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her close, "I thought I'd finish that kiss I never gotâ€¦"

He leaned in, but Astrid pushed herself away from him, "Well, you may have free time, but I do not."

She walked past him towards the kitchen table; she started to pick up the dirty dishes lying around.

Hiccup, not swayed, followed behind her. He wrapped his arms around his waist once again, standing behind her this time. He planted a supple kiss on her neck.

"I'm not giving in," Astrid teased, turning around to face him. His hands were still on her waist.

"Okay," he grinned and leaned in to kiss her. Astrid didn't protest this time; she let his sweet lips _smack _against hers. Hiccup moved his hands to the small of her back and pulled her even closer.

Hiccup moved his other hand down her hip and to her thigh. Astrid pulled away at the immediate touch. Hiccup removed his hand and put it back on her hip.

"I'm serious about being busy," she said, "and you," she put her hand on his chest and pushed him away, "you have chiefly duties to attend too."

He still wasn't dismayed, "you are one of chiefly dutiesâ€¦"

Astrid took a step back and glared at him, crossing her arms over her chest, "What?"

Hiccup fumbled over what to say next, "Nothingâ€¦ I just- I meanâ€¦ that youâ€¦"

Astrid raised an eyebrow in question, waiting for him to come up with an answer.

"I just," Hiccup paused to think, "Iâ€¦ um. I love you."

Astrid uncrossed her arms, "hmmm," she turned around and continued to pick up the dishes. She wasn't really angry with him; she just had to be sure that she would not be won as some kind of prize nor was she his job or possession.

His mistake needed to be made clear.

Before Hiccup could say anything else, there was a knock at the

door.

Hiccup sighed and went to answer it. Astrid had followed him.

To his surprise, Gobber was at door. That was strange. Gobber was filling in for Valka at the school until she returned from her three-day trip.

"Aye," Gobber looked surprised to see Hiccup at the door, "Chief, I didn't realise you were home."

Hiccup cocked his head, rather confused, "What's going on Gobber?"

Astrid had joined Hiccup at the door. She was in the middle of fixing her braid. The way Hiccup pawed at her had made it messy. Gobber cleared his throat. Now, he understood why Hiccup was home.

"Sorry," he looked down at the ground.

Astrid face grew red and she shifted herself uncomfortably as she hid herself partially behind her husband.

"Look," Gobber continued, "I need to tell you something. Please don't be madâ€¦"

"Just spit it out, Gobber," Hiccup urged him to go on.

"It's Akalyaâ€¦"

Astrid came forward, fully alert and attentive. Her eyes were glued to Gobber now as he talked.

"â€¦ she never showed upâ€¦"

* * *

><p>Don't forget to FOLLOW\REVIEW

Don't forget to check out my other stories!

:)

4. Chapter 4: First Flight

Before the rewrite, this chapter was extremely sloppy. I've ****tweaked it slightly and made the writing sound a little more sophisticated than it had been.

I also want to apologise because I know I've been slow on the updating. I'll get to it; I promise. Thank you for sticking through and without further ado... Chapter 4: First Flight (give away title, I know). ;)

Enjoy!

Last Disclaimer I'll do... I DO NOT OWN ANY of the HTTYD characters. Except for Akalya.

* * *

><p>The sky had almost completely cleared. The clouds had blown away, revealing the vibrant blue of the majestic sky that Akalya adored so. The chief's daughter on the back of her dragon companion bounced along the invisible path through the dense forest. Toothless took every opportunity he could to stop and 'smell the roses'. He examined every tree; he greeted every animal. The dragon would look back at the child on his back to smile and coo in excitement at everything he discovered.

"If you stop at everything," Akalya teased, "we'll never make it home before dark."

Toothless just grinned rather stupidly with his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth. He was feeling playful this afternoon; luckily, Akalya was the perfect companion for that.

This was all good fun for the both of them. Lately, neither had been having the best of times. Akalya was far too nervous about school to enjoy anything and Toothless had been secluded from his family, engulfed with his newfound duties as alpha. The pair desperately needed this dayâ€¦

"We're getting awful far," Akalya expressed her nervousness with the shaking in her voice. The last thing she wanted was to get lostâ€¦ or worseâ€¦ be found out. Her mother could be a little... _aggressive_ at times. She had little tolerance for disobedience. Akalya hated to be yelled at by her; it downright terrified her. Her father, on the other hand, hardly yelled at all.

The sun was still centred. She wondered what time it might be. It would help her to know when they should turn back.

Toothless warbled in response, expressing the same sense of worry about distance.

"We'll never get home before daddy does," Akalya sighed, looking back the way she came. She couldn't see Berk anymore.

Again, Toothless warbled in agreement.

"Let's turn around," she suggested and Toothless started to turn his body towards the way they had entered, when Akalya's foot slipped in just right placeâ€¦.

The child had her foot wedged into the stirrup that was customised for her father's peg leg, "huh," she cocked her head to the side and peered down at the odd contraption, "this is very similar to daddy's leg," she spoke aloud. Her father had taught her about all the gears on his leg much to Akalya's fascination. Like her father, Akalya was interested in the way things worked; she wanted to invent things just like her father. Because of that little lesson, Akalya found the stirrup was practically the same as the foot. She could figure out how to work it, easily.

Toothless warbled as if to ask what she was doing.

Akalya answered, only a select few could actually understand their dragon the way Akalya understood hers, "oh, don't give me that. I'm

not a fool." _Maybe I'm lying. _

Toothless gave her a questioning look, as if saying _'yeaâ€¦ right,_' in a sarcastic tone, but Akalya hadn't been looked at Toothless to notice the expression.

Akalya shifted her foot in the stirrup, "it fits perfectly!" she cheered as her foot slid into the slot. Akalya moved her foot back, releasing Toothless' back tail wing, 'ready-for-flight' motion.

Toothless grumbled in protest; he was uneasy about this. Although, he was also excited. He hadn't been flying in a while, but did that mean he was willing to risk his life and Akalya's life for one gentle soar? Probably not.

"Toothless," Akalya was about to beg, "if I don't try then all the other kids will laugh at me because I can't do it. Do you want to be the centre of such laughter and mocking?" She played the guilty card hard. Toothless grumbled, giving into the child's plea.

Akalya smiled, satisfied with her powers of persuasion, "now," she began, "let's try thisâ€¦ _gently_."

Toothless groaned, shifting his feet on the ground and expanding his wings. He looked back at the girl, pupils dilating, giving his last plea and wish for safety.

"Stop worrying," Akalya huffed out, "I'm perfectly safe. I'm with you," she gave him an endearing smile.

The Night Fury accepted defeat, turning to face the front. He prepared to fly. A Night Fury was the fastest dragon known to the Vikings, even on foot. Toothless took off through the forest (on foot at first), having to swerve past the trees that offered obstacles. They were reaching the edge of the forest, towards the cliff that fell into the ocean. Toothless picked up his speed and then dropped off the side of the cliffâ€¦.

The Night Fury spread his wings and let the wind raise him up into the air, before flapping them about to achieve full flying capacity.

Akalya stifled a scream at take off. She hadn't expected it to be so quick, nor was she expecting the sudden drop. She had buried her face into the reptile's scaly neck, shielding her eyes from the horrid sight of their doomed fall. But much to her surprise, she wasn't falling. When the ride had smoothed out, Akalya opened her eyes and looked up.

Nothing but blue ocean waters lie ahead; the sight was simplyâ€¦. _Amazing_. The child, fully erect in her seat, could feel the wind blowing through her braided hair, washing across her fair face. Akalya's eyes wandered down the dragon's side and to the ocean below. She was flying! She was _actually_ flying! She couldn't believe it. Oh, she couldn't believe a second of it...

The child of seven broke into an excitable fit of laughter, "I did it," she cheered, nearly out of breath from her giggling, "I actually did it, Toothless! I'm flying!"

In her brief excitement, Akalya forgot to hold onto her Night Fury's saddle and nearly slipped off; it would've resulting in a long plunder to the bottom of the ocean, but luckily, the girl had caught sense of herself and gripped the saddle with her tiny hands. Her laughter had stopped immediately after that point.

"I've got it," she assured herself and the Night Fury carrying her.

Toothless shot the fiery purple plasma blast ahead in celebration of Akalya's triumph. Then he would have to fly above the flames he caused to avoid a catastrophe. Akalya's voice echoed through the sky; her little giggles of excitement gave Toothless' more cause to celebrate. He shot his last plasma blast ahead of them and swerved around the remaining flames.

Meanwhile, Akalya was completely beside herself with pride, "This. Is. Amazing!" (She was definitely her father's daughter).

Her ever-loyal Night Fury flapped his wings, forcing them up higher and into the clouds. Akalya outstretched her hand, attempting to take hold of the fluffy white substance suspended in mid-air, but she felt only cold wetness against her palm.

"Whoa," she spoke aloud to herself at the strange sensation of touch. She had always wanted to touch a cloud; now, she knew. It felt like nothing.

The flying had been going fairly well; Toothless hardly noticed that it had been Akalya on his back and not Hiccup. He took more daring moves. Quickly, the Night Fury dove down to the waters, gliding his wing over the surface of the ocean. Then he shot back up into the air and spun through the cloud and let himself plummet and glide about the place. Akalya enjoyed every moment of it. She giggled and cheered, encouraging Toothless to explore his tricks further.

All of the sudden, a formation of tall islands and vast forests appeared ahead of them; Akalya shifted the gear in the stirrup and Toothless forced himself further up. Unfortunately they weren't able to get high enough before the trees were in their path. With Akalya's help, Toothless maneuvered through the trees until they were in the clear.

"Not bad," she patted her Night Fury on the neck, "we make a pretty good team, huh?"

Toothless warbled in agreement. They surely did, indeed.

"This definitely beats school," Akalya grinned. She nudged Toothless' thick neck in a playful manner.

Toothless would admit that this was better than going to school, but he couldn't give her the satisfaction of winning this one. In response, he only groaned, expressing false annoyance.

Akalya had either seen right through him or she simply chose to ignore it; she went on, "wait until daddy sees me," she let out a sigh, "maybe even my mother will be proud of me."

Toothless warbled in saying, _'she is proud of you.'_

Akalya let out another sigh. She'd like to believe that her mother was proud, but she was so unsure at this point, "c'mon," she said at last, "let's turn back before school ends."

The girl shifted her foot in the stirrup to change the calibration of it, when all the sudden her foot slipped out of the thing completely.

"Ahh!" Akalya screeched, as her body slipped from the saddle. Akalya attempted to grab hold of the saddle, but her hands failed her and her body shifted uncomfortably over the edge of the dragon's body; her leg came over the edge and her body was now detached completely.

"Toothless!" Akalya desperately clawed at the air, trying to snatch the saddle and climb back onto his back, but she was too far. She began to fall, further and further awayâ€¦ She didn't give up. She kept reaching out, as if the saddle would magically gravitate towards her desperate grasp.

The Night Fury was falling, now, too. His legs were pointed towards the sky, as he kicked and flailed around. Toothless wailed loudly, his legs twisting to turn over on his stomach; his quick, desperate motions, trying to swim through the air towards the falling child. He called out for her, his wings outstretched as if he could grab her and pick her up into his embrace, but her lack of control caused her to fall faster than he. Toothless flapped his wings, thinking it would assist him in his attempt to speed up; however, it only made him slower.

"Toothless!" Akalya was still screaming. She knew he couldn't help her at this point; she was too far-gone. Her vision began to fade as her body went numb. Perhaps it was from the fear? Toothless let out the most horrific wail Akalya had ever heard; both of them were being tortured with pure, adulterated fear for themselves and for each other.

_'No,'_ the word littered the Night Fury's inner thoughts,_ 'No. No. No. No. No." _He couldn't believe he had let her go; she was slipping away from him. All he had to do was get her to school; look what he had done...

Toothless' eyes had shut, bracing himself for the worst; he could still hear her, though. He could hear her screamingâ€¦

"Toothless!" The most horrible, bloodcurdling scream the dragon had ever heard.

And there was nothing he could do.

"Toothless!"

Stop screamingâ€¦

"Tooth-waaahhh!"

Toothless opened his eyes, only to see that the child was gone. Still falling, the Night Fury turned over onto his back and looked

up.

Stormfly! He internally shouted. Above him, Akalya was in the clutches of Stormfly's massive talons.

Her cries had been abruptly answered. The little girl soon found herself in the clutches of her mother's Deadly Nadder. Stormfly peeked under belly and squawked at the child she held; her expression could easily be confused for stupidity, but Akalya knew all too well that was the look of shear joy.

Akalya let out a sigh of relief; she smiled at the dragon. The child's gaze moved up to the rider upon Stormfly's back; Astrid hadn't taken her eyes off the sky ahead.

Oh, I am so dead, Akalya thought to herself, sinking into the talons tightly around her.

Finally remembering the dragon that had brought her here, Akalya gasped, "Toothless!" She yelled; her gaze had fallen back to the Night Fury below her, who was still falling out of the sky.

"Hang on, bud," the familiar voice came from above her; Akalya looked up once again to see her father, Hiccup, plunging down to the Night Fury off Stormfly's back. Luckily, Hiccup was in his flight suit as he scrambled his way to his favourite dragon with impressive speed.

Toothless' eyes had dilated at the sight of his loyal friend. As Hiccup closed in, Toothless forced himself belly-down, so Hiccup could easily access his back and get him back up and flying. It wasn't long before Hiccup had managed to attach himself to the saddle and his foot was securely in the stirrup. With one _click_ in the right direction Toothless' tail was put into position for flying.

The Night Fury's wings spread out and he let the wind pick him up into an easy glide. Astrid and Stormfly moved directly above them.

"Stormfly," Astrid was getting ready to give a command, "Drop!"

"What?" Akalya screeched as she was freed from the clutches of her Nadder. Hiccup had his arms stretched outward, ready to catch his daughter. Without fail, Akalya fell into her father's arms.

"Daddy," Akalya squeaked out; she was terrified of what their reaction might be to her ditching school and flying without permission.

Hiccup didn't say anything at first. He was too relieved to be angry; he brought Akalya close to his chest, "thank the gods your okay," he whispered.

The child, shaking from her traumatic experience, wrapped her little arms around his neck and held on tight.

Akalya was the first to let go. She looked at her father, with her arms still around his neck, "How did you know where to find

me?"

"Your Grandmother," Hiccup beganâ€¦. Of coarse, her grandmother would know she wasn't there. She had been so stupid; "she was worried about you when you didn't show. Gobber showed up at the house andâ€¦ well, we got Stormfly to track you."

"I'm glad you came when you did," Akalya averted her eyes.

"You should've never been out in the first place," Hiccup's voice was suddenly harsh.

"I'm sorry," Akalya whimpered.

"Yeah," his eyes narrowed towards his daughter, "you're sorry? Do you have any idea what kind of danger you put yourself through? If Gobber hadn't shown up beforeâ€¦ if Stormfly hadn't been able to track youâ€¦. What ifâ€¦" Hiccup could bear to finish the thought.

"I'm sorry," Akalya said again, "I _really_ am. I-I didn't mean-"

"No!" Hiccup raised his voice, which caught Toothless' attention; his ears perked up, but settled after the shouting had ceased and there was no clear threat, "You never _mean_ to do anything!"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Akalya could feel the tears beginning to well in her eyes. It wasn't often that her father was the one to be angry with her.

"Nothing," Hiccup took a deep breath. Seeing that he was only upsetting her more, made him realise he needed to step back. That was the thing about Hiccup, when an argument was in the heat of the moment, he would step back and address when both of them had calmed down, "we'll talk about it when everyone is calmed down," he pulled Akalya's arms off him and shouted: "Astrid!"

Astrid, who had been flying just above them and to the left, dipped down and flew Stormfly as close to Toothless as physically possible; they were close enough to make an exchange of persons. Hiccup picked Akalya up and handed her over the two dragons and into Astrid's arms.

"Take her home," he told Astrid, "I'm going to circle back to the school and inform my mother aboutâ€¦" Hiccup's eyes met Akalya's and he stopped speaking; they knew what he meant to say. Without further words spoken, Hiccup took off at full speed, circling around and heading back to the school as he said.

Akalya settled in the saddle in front of her mother; she stroked Stormfly's neck methodically as she tried to avoid eye contact with Astrid. That didn't stop her mother from speaking, "that was possibly the stupidest- most reckless thing you've ever done," she spoke with a sharp tone. If either of her parents were likely to be angry with herâ€¦ it would be her mother.

Akalya sank into the saddle, "I know."

"So, why?" Astrid took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down, "why do you constantly put yourself into situations such as these?

What are you trying to prove?" _If only her mother understood...
_

This was her chance. Akalya could explain everything to her mother, but she kept her mouth shut.

"You have to stop this kind of behaviour," Astrid began to fiddle with child's braid; her tone began to soften into a concerned motherly voice, "I don't want to have this fear that every time you walk out that door it's the last time I'm going to see you," her voiced changed suddenly, growing more irritated as she spoke, "I'm not always going to get a warning that you're falling off a damn cliff somewhere- And for what? Because- because you don't want to go to school?"

Akalya's nose crinkled up, "But I was flying, mom!"

Astrid let out an exasperated sigh and dropped Akalya's braid to the side. She wanted to believe her daughter more than ever, "Not now, Akalya," she snapped, "please. Just stop this."

"It's true," Akalya protested, jerking her head around so she could look her mother in the eye, "I was flyingâ€¦ I was untilâ€¦." Her voice trailed off.

"Until what, Akalya?" Astrid snapped, "Until you made a _hiccup_!"

Akalya gasped, her eyes widened with utter shock. Never in all her years had she ever heard her mother use such an insult. No one, not even Astrid, could talk about her father that way.

Astrid, too, was in utter shock. What did she say? She would never- but she did. She didn't mean it; it was the heat of the moment. Hiccup always said to stop talking in the heat of an argument. That was easier said than done. Astrid put her hand over her mouth, forbidding herself to go any further. She wished, now more than ever, that she could take it back. But the words had already escaped and seemed to haunt the atmosphere around her.

* * *

><p>Ouch. Astrid has never been good with words. Poor Akalya.

Tune in for the next chapter and find out how Astrid and Akalya put all _that _behind them.

**Please don't forget to REVIEW! I like good _and _bad criticism. It keeps me going as a writer. Also, if you ever have any questions or suggestion, PM me. Every once and while, I give out little spoilers to those who ask. ;) **

Thanks for reading!

5. Chapter 5: Hofferson-Haddock

Chapter Five of the rewrite.

**This entire chapter has had some MAJOR changes done to it- including some added scenes and some deleted ones. I know a lot of you didn't like the way it had originally ended and neither did I; therefore, they've been fixed more to (hopefully both of) our liking. **

I'm going to try and write more often; however, school and work gets in the way as it does for many. I'm terribly sorry for delays, but I promise to continue this story.

* * *

><p>The rest of their travels were spent in an uncomfortable silence. The entire ride, Akalya stroked Stormfly's neck, attempting to sooth herself. The Deadly Nadder cooed lightly at the child's gentle touch. By the time they had retuned to Berk, the sun had begun to disappear behind the glimmering sea. The village had quieted down; the shops were beginning to close, dragons were retiring for the night, the Vikings of the village retreated into the warmth of their huts for an evening with their friends and families.

Stormfly flew over the village, coming close to the ground, ready to land by their house on the hill. The Nadder outreached her large legs, expanding her talons. Right before they landed Akalya caught a glimpse of her grandmother, Val, unpacking a few things from Cloudjumper's side pouch. The child wanted to jump off Stormfly and run towards her grandmother. Possibly to escape her mother's hostile disappointment that seamed to radiate from every pore in her stick-thin body. However, she sat still, not even a wave or smile. Luckily for Akalya, Valka didn't even notice they had flown by. She wouldn't have to answer any questions about 'why she wouldn't say hello' later.

Akalya opened her mouth to say something, but Astrid hushed her before she could, "No."

"You don't even know what I was going to say-" Akalya pouted. Although, she didn't really know what she was going to say either.

"The answer is still 'no'," Astrid's tone was strangely dominant as if she was getting ready to scold. Akalya never felt such a... _disapproving_ aura from her mother; Astrid had been angry before, but she had never been _quiet_ about it. Akalya grew more uncomfortable by the moment.

The hut came into view. Stormfly landed smoothly; she clawed at the ground upon landing. She squawked and flapped her wings once, ducking her head low to the ground so Akalya could slide off easily. Astrid dismounted the Nadder and walked into the hut without looking back.

"Great," Akalya slid off the Deadly Nadder and then patted her neck; "Maybe I can stay with you tonight? You got room in that big hut of yours?"

Stormfly cocked her head and squawked as if by saying _'go and fix things with your mother.'_

"I'd rather sleep in the dragon-house," Akalya grumbled.

Stormfly bobbed her head up and down, bidding her to go in; she was squawking obsessively.

"Fine," the child groaned. She was about to storm off, but the Deadly Nadder clicked her tongue, making Akalya turn around again, "I love you, too," she grinned and ran to hug the Nadder before running off towards the hut. With that the dragon scampered away to her own little hut on the side of the main house.

The Deadly Nadder had reached her hut before Akalya had reached hers. The seven year stopped in front of her door. Like she had done at the school's door, she hesitated to open it. She took a deep breath, pushing open the door, letting the warmth of the hut take over. She walked inside and slammed the door against the freezing cold, which she had been subjected to long enough.

Astrid had mended the fire and was sitting on the kitchen table, one leg swung over the side and other propped up on the bench; her gaze was on the fire. Next to her lay her prized axe, shimmering with the catch of light acquired from the orange flames. The romantic lighting gave the illusion that Astrid was a redhead and not a blonde. Akalya supposed she would look the same since she had her mother's hair.

Akalya could not pry her eyes from the axe at her mother's side. She couldn't remember Astrid having that while they had been flying. Akalya took a step closer; her foot pressed upon a loose floorboard that made a loud _creaking_ noise. Astrid's whole body swung around in an instant, her eyes glaring down at the child.

Akalya took a large _gulp. _As frightened as she was, Akalya was daring enough to open with a joke instead of jumping into the seriousness of things; perhaps she could get her mother to even laugh, which would make the yelling part far easier.

"This looks like the beginning of an extremely convincing murder/mystery play," she spoke half-heartedly, though there was something somewhat convincing in her tone as if she could believe what she was saying, "are you going to kill me?"

Astrid's gaze soften, suddenly, and a playful smirk played upon her lips, "I was thinking about it, but I just had this cleaned," Astrid picked up her axe with her dominant hand and set it gingerly on the ground to the other side of her. She patted the spot that was now cleared next to her, "Come here," she commanded of the child. Akalya took a deep breath and then did so as her mother bid. Akalya had to climb up onto the bench to sit upon the table like her mother had been doing. Once she was seated, Astrid shifted her physique in order to face the child. Without an exchange of words between them, Astrid raised her hands, which made Akalya flinch. Astrid had never hit her, but there was a first time for everything, but Astrid didn't hit her; she reached for the tangle of mass hair hanging over Akalya's shoulder. The braid has long since fallen out. Astrid's slender fingers acted as a comb as she smoothed out her daughters hair and began to braid it into the French style perfectly. As if by habit, Akalya's hands trailed along the top of the braid to the bottom, not a single strand out of place- of coarse, there wasn't, it was Astrid's handy work.

The whole ordeal frightened and confused Akalya. She was waiting for her mother to say something- anything, but she kept quiet. _What was she waiting for? Was she waiting until Akalya let her guard down and then go in for the harsh yelling?_ Astrid had never been so passive aggressive about something such as this- at least not with her. Akalya watched Astrid closely, trying to determine what her involuntary facial expressions were trying to say. She wasn't having the best of luck.

Finally, Astrid spoke up and asked, "how did you get that far?"

This question had surprised Akalya, "huh?"

"You were out pretty far," Astrid's comments were made bluntly, without any true signs of emotion, "Toothless couldn't have flown all the way out there on his own. Do you know what that tells me?"

Akalya shook her head; Astrid's lack of clarity and emotion left the child without a way to respond.

"You had to fly," Astrid's voice was beginning to have some character once again, "at least you had to fly part of the way," Akalya picked up a tiny sense of pride behind her words, "so you weren't _completely_ lying."

Akalya smiled widely. All she wanted out of all of this was for her mother to believe her and be proud-

"Don't think that makes this whole thing okay," Astrid snapped, wiping that smile off her daughters face as quickly as it had appeared, "in light of todays events, you're banned from riding_ that_ Night Fury from now on!"

"Wait," Akalya protested, "That's not fair! You can't do that!"

Astrid narrowed her eyes, "I can and I have." Astrid pushed herself off the table and grabbed the axe on the floor. She was headed for the stairs, but was stopped before she got to the first step by Akalya's shouting:

"Doesn't daddy get a say in this?"

"He's already agreed," Astrid informed her.

"When?" It was a fair question; Akalya had been with Astrid since the incident and she didn't remember any such conversation between her mother and her father.

"Akalya-"

"When!" Akalya demanded.

"I'm serious, Akalya Hofferson," Astrid gritted her teeth, "if I ever see you on that dragon again-"

"You'll what?" Akalya's face grew red hot and she clenched her fists in a fury, "Ban me, again? You can't do anything! He's not yours! He's daddy's!"

"Maybe not," Astrid argued, "but you_ are_ mine," Astrid grew increasingly infuriated with this back-and-forth nonsense, "and what I say goes- end of story!"

Akalya shrunk back in her position, crossed her arms, and pouted, "Why must you always been in control of everything?" she spoke a little softer than before. It was a rhetorical question, but nonetheless, it had caught Astrid's attention.

"Akalya, this isn't about control," Astrid's voice had finally softened, returning to the gentler motherly way Akalya knew and longed for, "I don't think you realise what kind of danger you put yourself in every time you go out on that dragon," she set her axe on the first step and walked over the table, "Toothless is not an easy dragon to ride," she explained, "only your father can truly understand how everything works-"

"But I understand," Akalya tried to reason with her, "Toothless is good with me-"

"You fell," Astrid reminded her, "If that had been Stormfly or any other dragon, they couldn't saved youâ€¦."

Akalya's eyes fell to the floor. Maybe she didn't want another dragon... all she wanted was Toothless.

"If you fall," Astrid continued, "Toothless can't save you. He can't even fly on his own!"

"Yes, he can!" Akalya pushed herself off the table, her hands placed on her hips, ready to defend Toothless with everything she had. That's what he would do for her... if he could speak.

Astrid let out a long needed sigh and rolled her eyes, "I can't have this argument right now," She waved her hand, dismissing anything else that Akalya may say. Astrid turned her back and was ready to walk up the stairs when Sharpshot and Sneaky, their Terrible Terrors, came bounding down the steps, nearly knocking Astrid off her feet.

The two Terrible Terrors came around and circled Akalya; they seemed to be in the middle of a playful fight. They offered a brief distraction from the tension that had been building in the room. Akalya almost found herself laughing as Sneaky snapped at Sharpshot's tail and pulled him under the table, but once they had disappeared, Akalya composed herself and took another step closer to the staircase her mother hadn't moved from.

"Mom?" Akalya's voice had gone soft- timid even.

Astrid shut her eyes and took a deep breath, and then turned to face her daughter, "what is it, now, Akalya?" She sounded more annoyed, now, than angry.

That little girl had been feeling bold that day. She had the audacity to question her mother once again, "I'm not going to stop trying. I'm going to want to fly-"

Astrid interrupted her, "Then fly a _different_ dragon-"

"But Toothless understands me," Akalya cried out, "not like any the others do."

"Akalya," Astrid was beginning to feel like she was just repeating herself, "Toothless is not a good fit. He's more of a liability than an asset when it comes to you."

"A liability?"

"A liability," she repeated firmly, emphasizing the consonants. Akalya looked into her mother's eyes, which had gone completely cold and grey.

Akalya crossed her arms over her chest, "_you're_ a liability," she mumbled mostly to herself. That was the greatest comeback a child of only seven could come up with such a small window of time.

"I'm not doing this again," Astrid picked up her axe and stomped up the stairs without any further words. The last thing she wanted was to have a _I-know-you-are-but-what-am-I _fight at this moment.

* * *

><p>Akalya hadn't left the kitchen. By the time Astrid had disappeared upstairs, Akalya had settled herself back onto the table; she had her legs crossed, her elbows on her knees, her chin placed in her palms as she glared at the fire. She could still hear Sneaky and Sharpshot under the table, chattering like schoolgirls. For a while, those were the only sounds she heard until she could hear the sound of wings flapping over the roof of the hut.<p>

Akalya swung her legs over the table and was just about to investigate the noise when the door swung open, which made Akalya jump. Hiccup came through the entrance with a handful of scrolls and parchments. Among them, Akalya could see a few rough sketches of new designs and/or inventions.

"Akalya?" Hiccup was surprised to Akalya up and downstairs at this time of the night, "What are you doing up? Where's your mother?"

The child moved across the room, without saying a word; she lurched forward and wrapped her tiny arms around Hiccup's waist and began to cry uncontrollably. Immediately, Hiccup dropped his papers to the floor and held her tightly in hopes to comfort her.

"What happened?" He asked.

Akalya couldn't find the breath to answer. She only held him tighter.

Hiccup sighed. He had a feeling he already knew what this was about. Gingerly, he pulled the child from his waist and knelt down to her height. His eyes met hers, full of understanding and kindness.

"I'm guessing you talked to your mother then?" He wasn't really expecting an answer from the child, who couldn't stop crying. All Akalya could do was nod.

Hiccup sighed. He felt guilty for what he had to do. His eyes fell to

the floor, "it's for your own good."

With that said, Akalya pushed away from him. She looked into his eyes, pleading for another response, but Hiccup only looked away. He gathered his papers that he had dropped and stood on his feet, bringing them over to the table, he laid them down. Akalya hadn't moved, staring at her feet, facing the door.

"I'm sorry," Hiccup frowned before he began his way up the stairs, leaving Akalya to wallow downstairs alone. All hope had gone. If Hiccup wasn't on her side, no one was.

* * *

><p>The chief made his ways up the staircase, struggling a little with his peg leg. He should've put the bedroom downstairs, but he didn't take this into account when designing the hut. When he finally reached the top, he had to stop and pick up one of Akalya's toys that had been laying at the top. He walked into his bedroom, still holding the stuffed dragon in his palm.<p>

Hiccup wasn't at all surprised that Astrid hadn't been asleep when he entered the room. She hadn't even gotten out of her daily wear, yet. Upon entering he saw that she had her back towards the door, sitting on the edge of the bed. Hiccup shut the door behind him and he walked over to her.

"Astrid?" He placed the stuffed dragon onto the bed's end table.

Astrid didn't answer. Hiccup walked around the bed, placing himself in her way so she would have to acknowledge him. He studied her face; her nose was red and her cheeks were still wet. Hiccup let out a deep breath, kneeling in front of her; he took her hands into his and looked up at her.

"Astrid," he tried to meet her eyes, but she was intent on staring at the floor, "do you want to tell me what happened?"

She shook her head.

Hiccup sighed, "Akalya's really upset."

There was no reaction from his wife.

"Is their something else going on?" Hiccup pressed, but Astrid wasn't budging. Of coarse, he knew there was more going on then just a little fight with their seven year old, but he wasn't going to push her into talking about itâ€¦ not again. It hadn't ended well last time.

"Fine," he admitted defeat, "can you at least get dressed for bed?"

Astrid wiped away a fallen tear that hadn't dried on her cheek, yet. Then she stood up and walked past him to their closet; she took out her nightgown and began undressing. Hiccup came up behind her, unlacing the armour on her shoulders and sliding it off her; he set the two shoulder pads on the bench next to the closet. Finally, only her bare skin had been showing. Hiccup kissed the exposed flesh upon

her shoulders tenderly and then left her to change on her own.

To prepare for bed all Hiccup had to do was strip his tunic and then he slipped in between the covers and waited for his wife to join him. He would be waiting for a long time, for Astrid had no intention of going to bed right away.

For a long while all she had done was stare at the darkness that was their closet, until finally, she made a sudden change in pace. Quickly, she whipped around and raced for the door of their room after she was fully dressed.

Hiccup sat up, calling after her, "Astrid, where are you going?"

She hit her hand against the doorframe as she turned and hurried out of the room and down the stairs. Hiccup only sighed, flopping down on the bed. He wouldn't even bother trying to figure her out this evening. Astrid was about half way down the steps when she was able to see Akalya, still sulking by the fire.

"Okay," Astrid sounded determined, "this is ridiculous. What's happening is unfair, but you brought it on yourself. You have no one to blame but yourself this time, Akalya." Her eyes narrowed on the child.

Akalya had averted her gaze from the fire and now stared, dumbstruck, at her mother _thumping _down the stairs in her nightgown. She kept her mouth shut; Astrid was determined to speak her mind.

"You are always doing these crazy stunts and getting yourself into so much trouble. I don't understand why you can't just listen." Astrid placed her hands upon her hips.

Akalya looked up at her mother, her mouth was forming a slight pout. Pity, maybe? "I _am_ a Hoffersonâ€¦. And a Haddock. What else do you expect from me?" Her voice had some subtle teasing in it.

Astrid groaned in frustration- arguing with this kid was not easy, "it doesn't really matter where you come from-"

"But you always say-"

"Never mind what I 'always say'," Astrid interrupted, waving her hands in front of her as if to catch the child's attention, "Akalya, you can sulk here all night if that pleases you, but don't be angry with me. I'm only trying to protect you. You're my only daughter- my only child for that matterâ€¦." Her voice trailed off. Astrid's eyes met the floor, flickering from one place to another.

Akalya put one foot in front of the other, taking a step closer to her mother, "I know," she finally said, "but that doesn't mean I'm not angryâ€¦"

Astrid looked up form the ground.

"Is that what you came all the way down here to say?" Akalya frowned.

Astrid shrugged, "kind ofâ€¦" her voice trailed off, "yes," she admitted.

There was somewhat of an 'awkwardness' between them. Akalya put another foot forward, "I'm sorry," she said finally.

Astrid looked at her with a confused expression, "for what?"

"For acting the way I did," Akalya responded. Again, she took another step forward.

Astrid smiled, relieved. She didn't think she would've gotten any sleep that night knowing that Akalya was angry with her. She thought she was done; the woman turned her back and was ready to climb the stairs, but the child was not done speaking. She had a question to ask:

"Why did you call me Hofferson?"

Astrid turned her head, looking over her shoulder, "what are you talking about?"

Akalya took a step forward, "earlier. You addressed me as 'Akalya Hofferson'. I've only ever heard you call me that once in my life time and that was when you introduced me to Heather."

Astrid cocked her head. She had no reason why her daughter would be inquiring about this now- at all times: "what's this all about, Akalya?"

She took another step forward, "I'm just sayingâ€¦. All the other kids have one last name, yet you and daddy gave me two."

Astrid raised her eyebrow, "okay?" She had no idea where this was going or if it even had a point.

"Why?"

Astrid had completely turned around, now. She gave up trying to go up the stairs. She walked over to the child, bending down to her height, she answered: "I suppose it was my idea. I couldn't let your father get all of the credit." _Why was this important now? _Astrid decided it was better not to ask.

Akalya smiled, "Hofferson-Haddock."

Astrid's lips raised to a subtle grin, "is that all you had to ask?"

Her daughter nodded.

"Good," Astrid stood tall again, "now, can we forget about this and go to bed?"

Again, her daughter nodded and followed her mother up the stairs. Although, she wouldn't forget all that had happened that night. She was still infuriated that her mother and father -both- had 'banned' her from Toothless, but she was willing to look past that for now. She would, of coarse, bring it up again when the time was right.

* * *

><p>I know that most people change Astrid's name to Haddock. However, I felt that Astrid would be too proud to give up the Hofferson name and fall into someone else's. So for this story, Astrid is still Hofferson and Akalya is "Hofferson-Haddock".

I, also, know that most people change it to "Haddock-Hofferson"; however, again, for the purpose of this story I felt Haddock needed more emphasis. Besides, some parents don't put the woman's name last- sometimes it really is the man's name that goes at the end.

Anyways, thanks for ****reading and don't forget to REVIEW!

It really is what keeps me going. Negative? Positive? I welcome it all.

6. Chapter 6: The Dream

This is a completely new chapter.

I've added something in the past (about seven months ago) that Akalya experienced, but can't explain. As anyone ****would tell you when a child (or anyone for that matter) experiences something traumatic, they tend to suppress those memories and eventually forget them, which is what Akalya essentially did.

Those events will become clear very soon.

So, here it is- The Dream- Chapter 6 of the rewrite.

* * *

><p>After the pair, mother and daughter, had ventured upstairs, Astrid had tucked her daughter into bed and returned her little stuffed dragon to her little arms. Then Astrid slipped away to her own bed with her husband who had been patiently waiting of her. As for Akalya, she fell asleep with the stuffed dragon clutched to her chest.<p>

* * *

><p>...The air around her was foggy and suffocating. Akalya found herself stranded in the middle of the woods, surrounded by unusually tall trees. There was a shrill scream in the distance. It took some time before Akalya realised it wasn't anyone around her, but she who had been screaming. She was calling for someone. Her mother, perhaps? Akalya had a strange longing for her. All of the sudden, Akalya was running through the trees as fast as a Night Fury.<p>

"Mom!" She continued to call out while running. She couldn't feel the ground at her feet. It was almost as if she was flying or gliding over the forests floor. She soon found herself at the door of her hut. She had gotten there rather quickly. Akalya touched the door with a flat palm, tracing the painted outline with her digits. Everything seemed so bright and new, as if the door was freshly painted. Akalya's hand found the knob of the door, but before she could turn it, the door was opening all on it's on.

Akalya walked through the doorway. It felt as if she were walking on clouds. She couldn't even tell her feet were moving. The child saw her mother at the kitchen table, absentmindedly stitching, or maybe sewing, something in her hands. That was odd. To Akalya's knowledge, Astrid couldn't stitch nor sew. Well, it was possible that she did, but it was poor in quality.

"Mommy?" Akalya was gliding on easy steps over to the table, "what are you doing?"

Astrid looked up. Her smile was glowing. She never looked so happy.

"Mommy?" Akalya reached out to touch her mother's arm. Right before their skin made contact there was a horrible piercing scream ringing in Akalya's ears. She pulled her hand back in, covering her ears with both palms. She glued her eyes shut, not daring to open them and see the horror before her. Yet, she felt compelled to peak- to learn where that scream had come from. Only when she opened her eyes all she saw was bloodâ€¦ and lots of it.

There was a puddle at her feet and the screaming hadn't stopped. Her mother had disappeared, but Akalya could still feel her presence. She knew she was here. She looked around the kitchen, which remained undisturbed. Only the floor under her feet had changed... _bloody._

"Mommy!" Akalya cried. Astrid was nowhere in sight, "Mommy!" She kept crying; the tears burned her face like they were made of lava. She thought she smelled the stench of burning flesh. The child went to wipe them away, but when she looked down at her hand it was covered in blood. It couldn't' have been hers, _so who's was it?_

Last on the scene was her father. Hiccup was in her face, pushing her out of the hut, "Akalya? You need to go outside! Go! Hurry, get out of here! Go!"

The child only cried more. She couldn't understand what was happening. She shook her head, "Stop! Leave me alone!"

"Mommy!" She kept coming back to that call. Where was her mother?

* * *

><p>"Mommy!" The child screamed with a raspy, tired voice. Akalya shot up in bed, completely soaked in a cold sweat. Her heart was racing. Akalya brought the stuffed dragon to her chest. It was at that moment that she realised her cheeks were wet. She had been crying in her sleep. Based on the event of her nightmare, Akalya was too frightened to wipe away the tears.<p>

She hadn't been up for more than a second before Astrid came running through the doorway. She was a nervous wreck, possibly even more than Akalya had been.

"Akalya," she ran over to the bed and sat down, immediately reaching for the traumatized child, "what's wrong?"

Akalya fell into her mother's embrace, burying her face into her mother's chest. She didn't have the nerve to speak.

"It's okay," Astrid hushed her, smoothing out her hair, "it was only a dream. You're okay."

It wasn't long before Hiccup had also joined them. He came up behind Astrid, taking a seat at her side. His hand found Akalya's back and he began to rub her back with slow, soft circles.

"What happened?" Hiccup was asking Astrid, since he knew Akalya wouldn't be up to answering questions.

Astrid only shrugged. Akalya's breathing worsened as she continued to sob into her mother. Astrid kept hushing her, attempting to calm her down, "It's okay." She repeated over and over again.

After a few minutes of sitting in silence with her parents, Akalya's breathing returned to normal and the tears ceased to flow. The child's whole body loosened and she rested against her mother with ease. Akalya had curled into a little ball, resting all her weight on her mother.

"I-Iâ€¦" Akalya stuttered through her uneven breath. She was beginning to calm down, but she wasn't completely there, yet, "Mommyâ€¦"

Astrid relaxed slightly as Akalya did. Whenever her daughter was tense, so was she: "what?"

"N-nothing," Akalya huffed out, "it was just a dream."

"C'mon," Hiccup was on his foot, "I don't know what you dreamt about, but you're shaking like-" Hiccup thought it would better if he didn't finish that sentence. He took a deep breath, "why don't you just come sleep with us?"

Akalya nodded, wrapping her arms around Astrid's neck and holding on for dear life. She hid her face, sheiqdin herself from the sight up blood, which she had convinced herself was all around her. Her mother carried her out of the room. Hiccup followed, but he grabbed the stuffed dragon that Akalya had dropped when she latched onto Astrid.

Astrid rested Akalya's body in the centre of their bed before snuggling in next to her. Hiccup was sitting at the edge of the bed on the opposite side, detaching his peg leg from the scarred flesh. He tucked the metal contraption under the bed and rolled under the covers; he placed the little stuffed dragon by Akalya's cheek, so she could find comfort with it when she came back around. For now, Akalya had herself curled up against her mother, hiding her eyes from the outside world. He didn't think she had looked up once since she woke up. _Whatever she had dreamt about it scared the hel out of her.
_

"You want to tell us what you dreamt about?" Hiccup ran his hand over her arm and her back, giving her a soothing massage like he had done earlier whilst in her room.

Akalya only shook her head, burying herself further into her mother's embrace. Astrid kept her arm arm draped around her daughter, which made Akalya feel more secure.

"It's okay," Astrid whispered softly, "you don't have to tell us anything." Although, Astrid wouldn't mind knowing what scared her daughter like that; she also didn't want to pry and end up making it worse.

Once her parents were done asking questions, Akalya was able to relax and empty her mind of all previous thoughts. It wasn't long before the tiny child had fallen back asleep. This time she slept in peace, without the disturbance of horrifying nightmares.

* * *

><p>This has been one of the shorter chapters, but there was no need to go any further than this.

Don't forget to REVIEW!

It's what keeps me going. :)

7. Chapter 7: Truth Be Told

This is another added chapter. It goes along with Akalya's whole 'creepy' dream thing.

Just to let you all know, in case you haven't checked. I have deleted the original White Fury story. I don't want that one to persuade my writing in this new version nor do I want some of the new readers to go there for spoilers.

Now, on the original story, it was this chapter that I gave a long speech about Astrid's character and how you shouldn't be alarmed by her major change. As I said then and I'll repeat now, Astrid went through a rough time in these past eight years and I wanted to expand on Astrid's humanity and play with her emotions a little. You'll be seeing a whole kind of Astrid in this story.

I hope you continue to read and follow my story. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>The sun had long since been up and was shining through the window of the Haddock household. Hiccup had been up at sunrise and left his two sleeping ladies lie. Sometime after breakfast, but before lunch, Akalya woke still curled up in her mother's arms. She had slept soundly throughout the remainder of the night- thank the gods! She had never been so terrified in her entire like. That dream had felt... _too real. _

Astrid had been awake for a good hour, but she didn't want to leave Akalya after her freak out last night. Besides, she would never admit this, but she actually enjoyed sleeping in every so often. The child wrapped in her arms rolled over unto her back and rubbed her sleepy eyes. Slowly, her eyelids opened up to see the ceiling above her head. Then she looked at Astrid.

She cocked her head, looking slightly confused, "why are you still here?" Akalya asked her mother.

"I didn't want you to wake up alone," Astrid reached out to her daughter and brushed away some fallen strands of wavy blonde locks.

Akalya's right hand slapped the bed on the other side of her. It was empty, which meant her father had already gone off to work. That probably meant- so did Toothless. Akalya's facial expression faded into a slight frown. She was hoping to at least say goodbye before her Night Fury flew off for another busy day... without her.

"When's he coming back?" Akalya asked her mother. She was inquiring more about Toothless, but Astrid would've never known the difference.

"Tonight," Astrid answered, not thinking anything of it, "As he always does."

Akalya let out a disappointed sigh.

"Maybe even earlier," Astrid added to her previous statement, "he is leaving tomorrow and he'll probably want some family time before he goes." It was obvious to Akalya that her mother was talking about Hiccup. So, she hadn't caught on who she was really asking about. Although, she wouldn't mind having more time with her father, as well.

Akalya had almost forgotten about her father's trip tomorrow. Hiccup was heading south to deal with a dragon pest problem. It wasn't unusual for Hiccup to get these sorts of requests. He was the _'Dragon Master'_ known and highly respected by all. Apparently, some sort of white dragon was terrorizing one of the neighboring islands, but no one has been able to see it- let alone, capture it. That's why Hiccup was the number one Viking for the job. Much to his family's dismay...

There was an awkward silence following Astrid's answer. Akalya had nothing else to say in response, so they lay there for a moment, just soaking in the sun coming in through the window.

"I'm going to the school, today," Astrid said finally, her eyes meeting the fabric of her pillow; her fingers were absentmindedly tearing at a loose thread.

Akalya said nothing in hopes that she would just ignore the fact that Akalya had yet to go, but it was only the second day. Judging on the position of the sun, Akalya could tell she was already late. _So what was the point in even trying anymore?_

"Your grandmother is coming to get you," Astrid continued, "and she'll take you in... late." Her eyes finally met her daughters and she ceased to fiddle with the thread on her pillow.

Akalya sat up in the bed, looking down at her mother, confused slightly, "why?"

"Because you have yet to attend your first day-"

"I mean, why am I not going in with you?" Akalya interrupted.

Astrid rolled over unto her back, "Val wanted to see you," she

sighed. Akalya found it strange that she used 'Val' instead of Amma, as she usually did when addressing her grandmother. Perhaps, it was a slip of the tongue? Astrid continued, "She has been gone for an entire week."

Akalya smiled widely. She hadn't seen her grandmother for a while- a week was like a month to a seven year old. Valka had left for 'business' reasons, but Akalya wasn't allowed to know what 'business'. She was just glad that her 'Amma' had finally come home.

There was a knock on the front door. Since, they were only expecting one visitor that morning, Akalya could only assume her grandmother. The child sprung up from the bed, having to kick the covers off her legs, and she ran out of the room. That little girl had bounced all the way down the stairs, running to answer the door. Her assumptions had been correct. Valka was standing on the other side of the front door when she had swung it open.

"Amma!"

Valka bent down to scoop the child up in her arms, laughing at the girl's adorable enthusiasm, "My dear, Akalya." She cooed, holding her granddaughter close to her.

Akalya was grateful to be in her Amma's embrace after so long. She wanted to run to her when she saw her last night, but the circumstances wouldn't allow her to. She looked into her grandmother's eyes, identical to her own and smiled, "I missed you."

Valka grinned, "and I've missed you."

It wasn't long before Astrid had found her way down the stairs in her nightgown, "Val," she smiled in greeting as she reached the last step; stepping down to the floor, Astrid hurried to the door and shut it, keeping in as much warm air as she possibly could.

"Astrid," Valka smiled. Akalya hadn't noticed it at the time, but there was something in her smileâ€¦ pity? Sorrow? Whatever it was, it was screaming 'fake'. Perhaps that was for Akalya's sake. "How are you?" she asked Astrid.

Akalya's eyes bounced back and forth between this odd interaction between her Amma and her mother.

"I'm fine," Astrid looked nervous, like she was hiding something. Akalya was beginning to notice that was happening a lot lately- every time her Amma or her father asked how she was doing.

Valka's eyes dropped, "I see. Well, I have no doubt that it'll get better, dear."

Akalya was completely and utterly lost. It's like they were speaking in tongues. The words coming from their mouth didn't match their tone. It was like they were having a completely different conversation, but Akalya didn't say anything about it. She just looked back and forth waiting for either of them to say something more.

"And Hiccup?" Valka questioned, "Is heâ€¦?" She trailed off, but either way, Astrid still knew what she was asking about. Akalya had no clue.

"Fine," Astrid answered, except this time is seemed more honest than the other answers she had given, "better than-" She cut herself off. Her eyes had darted to Akalya, resting in Valka's arms.

Akalya finally spoke up, not able to take it anymore, "does anyone want to tell me what's going on?"

Astrid let out a loud sigh as if she had been holding her breath, "No," Astrid shook her head, "it's not important," She reached out and took Akalya away from Valka and set her down on the floor, "why don't you go get dressed and then you can go with Amma when you're ready?"

Akalya nodded, though she wasn't exactly pleased about going to school even if it was with her Grandma Val. The child scampered off, up the steps and disappeared into her room. They could hear her door slam all the way from the front of the hut.

When Akalya was out of sight, Valka cleared her throat, trying to catch Astrid's attention. "Now, do you want to tell me how you actually are?" Valka raised her eyebrow and crossed her arms.

Astrid shifted on her feet uncomfortably. She kept glancing up at the stairs, making sure Akalya wasn't within earshot, "Not really." She answered honestly. She couldn't bring her eyes to meet Valka's.

"You seemed better the last week I saw you," Valka stated a fact.

Astrid just shrugged in response. She had no explanation to her sudden change in mood.

"Astrid?"

The young blonde shook her head subtly as if she could shake the memories from her mind, "I'm doing better, reallyâ€¦"

She expected Valka to say more, but she kept her mouth shut. She was waiting for Astrid to continue.

"I'm just glad Akalya doesn't remember anything," Astrid said finally, "I think it wouldâ€¦ scare her?" She was questioning if that was the right way to word it.

Valka nodded in agreement, "I suppose there is that, but Akalya wouldn't even understand it-"

"She was horrified," Astrid reminded her, "it doesn't matter if she would've understood it or not. I mean, you should have seen her when it happened. She justâ€¦ stood there screaming and crying and..." Astrid took a deep breath. She had no desire to dig up those memories.

"Aye," Valka nodded solemnly, "I remember. Hiccup had to tear her out of the room kicking and screaming-" She would've gone further in talking about it, but the sound of pitter-pattering footsteps in the

upstairs hallway prevented her from speaking any more.

Within seconds, Akalya was charging down the stairs, fully dressed and ready to go. "I'm ready!" Akalya cheered, as she bounced over to her mother and Amma.

"That was fast," Valka smiled down at the girl, "but are you going to go out with your hair down like that?"

Akalya's eyes widened. She was embarrassed that she had almost forgotten. She shook her head violently. "Never." Then she turned to her mother. She didn't need to ask- her eyes were begging. Astrid knelt down and quickly pulled all of the child's hair into a neat braid down her back.

"Perfect," Astrid smiled, "Now, go. I'll see you soon." She kissed her daughter's cheek and bid them farewell.

Akalya took her grandmother's hand and waved goodbye to her mother with the other free hand. Astrid waved back as she shut the door of the hut. Once she was alone in that large hut that Hiccup had designed for them, Astrid slid her back down the door and just sat there in utter silence, staring the empty room around her.

Meanwhile, Akalya was skipping down the path, still clasping her Amma's hand. Cloudjumper was at the end of their hut's pathway, cocking his head almost completely upside down as he examined the child's bounce.

"Good morning, Cloudjumper," Akalya grinned, scratching the dragon's scaly neck.

"You're unusually excited about going to school," Valka's voice was full of curiosity and possibly a little bit of worry.

Akalya frowned suddenly, "it's not because of school," she corrected her grandmother, "it's because after today I plan to make things right."

"Make what right?" Valka asked as she guided her granddaughter down the path towards the school.

"My mom," Akalya answered firmly, her eyes were on the path ahead.

"What do you mean?"

Akalya shrugged, "I don't know. It's just, she's been weird lately and I think it's because of meâ€¦" Her voice trailed off; she felt ashamed to say it aloud. She hadn't told anyone how she felt about her mother's sudden change in personality.

"Why would you think that?" Valka couldn't hide that she was worried about the child's statement.

Akalya's emerald eyes scanned up to meet her grandmothers, "Something happenedâ€¦"

"And what would that be?"

Akalya looked away. She didn't know if she should be saying anything about this, but she was desperate to talk to someone- anyone, by this point, about it, "it was a long time agoâ€¦ something happened and I caused it." Akalya was being stubbornly vague about the whole thing.

"Caused what?" Valka had stopped walking completely and turned to face the child.

Akalya turned to face her grandmother and dropped her hand to her side, "I don't know, actually," she admitted. She refused to meet her Amma's eyes.

"Do you remember what happened?" Valka asked. She had her suspicions of what this was all about.

Akalya shook her head, "All I remember is daddy taking me away. I had to go stay with Gobber for the weekend until Mommy wanted to see me again."

Valka's face dropped. She _did_ know what the girl was talking about, but it wasn't her place to say anything about it. She could only assure her, "It was not your doing, Akalya. You don't remember anything else?"

"No," Akalya frowned; her gaze had fallen on the dirt at her feet, as she dug her heel into the soft ground, "but I have dreams about it."

Valka took a deep breath. She took the child's hand in hers and continued walking towards the school, "don't you worry about that. It had nothing to do with you."

"Even so," Akalya spoke, "my mom hasn't been the same. I just wantâ€¦" she let her voice trail off. What she wanted was her mother back, but the probability of that was looking rather slim. It had been months since she was sent away and still, her mother seemed... _angry_ about the whole ordeal.

After that Valka didn't bring it up again and neither did Akalya. They walked the rest of the way to the school in silence.

* * *

><p>Don't forget to REVEIW and FOLLOW for updates.

8. Chapter 8: First Day, Day Two

We've all been looking forward to Akalya's first day of school. Here it is.

Ready to meet some nasty kids with even nastier attitudes? I hope so, because that's the majority of this chapter's content.

**Off the topic of the chapter at hand, you'll be happy to know that I am three chapters ahead in my story, which means quicker updates. For the next three weeks (if not more), I promise an update once a

week. Possibly on a Friday or Saturday night for at least the next few weeks.**

Anyways, here's the next chapter! Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Valka carried out her promise to Astrid by taking Akalya all the way to the school's entrance door. Akalya walked in on her own, while Valka went around back where her 'office' was closest. Also, being the grandest grandmother ever, she wanted to spare Akalya any further humiliation.<p>

Since the fourteen years that the school had been established by Chief Hiccup Haddock III, a lot had changed about the way classes were run. Akalya's grade level was the youngest class offered at the Academy. At this early stage in their lives, the young Vikings would learn the basics of dragon training and riding. However, these were only the basics. These eager student's wouldn't be paired with their dragons for another four years. Yes, it takes them that long to explain ALL that has happened since Dragon's were first introduced into their society.

So, only about two hours after class had started, Akalya pushed open the school's doors and walked into the open corridor. Her classroom was not far; the second door on the right, her Amma had told her. Akalya took a deep breath and then exhaled; she would never be prepared for this, she had decided.

The door in front of her was coloured with dragons and words like 'rider' and 'beginner'. _This_ was definitely her classroom. The child reached out for the door handle and turned itâ€¦ slowly. Inside, she could hear the other kids laughing. It ceased the second she walked through the door. Everyone went quiet as they all stared at her. It made Akalya unbelievably uncomfortable.

"Ah," Akalya turned towards that familiar voice that could be only Gobber's, "there's our little chief. Thought you'd run off again." He let out a shaking laughter.

The other children snickered to themselves and each other and Gobber's comment; although, he wasn't saying it to be mean. He hadn't even thought about it until the other kids reacted the way they had. Akalya shrunk where she stood. Worst part about being in front of the class, was all the eyes...

"You think she _flew_ into class?" One of the young vikette's had snickered under her breath to the others. Akalya knew that voice as non other than Ingrid Jorgenson. She was the only daughter of Snotlout and Ruffnut; boy, did she inherit their best traits. Not only did she look like her mother, but she was as stupid as her as well. As for her father's characteristics, she had his arrogance and his lack of social kindness. She was a true winner; sarcasm included.

Her twin brother, Rufflout (wonder, how long it took Snotlout and Ruff to come up with that one), was standing next to her, picking his teeth with what looked like pheasant bone. He wasn't totally like his other half; he was actually ind of clever and did fairly well socially. He never tormented Akalya whenever they had gotten

together. Or maybe he did; he was subtle about it though. Either way, Akalya had never pinned him to be such a terrible guy.

As for the others in the room, Akalya recognised Little Iris, Tuffnut's daughter. Whether it was the fact that she lived with the Jorgenson's or that she was the daughter of the biggest muttonhead on Berk, either way, she was just as obnoxious and poor-mannered as her first cousin, Ingrid. Then there was Mabel.

She was the only child of the Ingerman's. Fishlegs and his wife Helga had raised her to be in the likeness of them. She was always eager to learn, full of facts, and above allâ€¦ she was an excellent cook. Akalya's entire short life, Mabel always was handing out goodies that she had made all by herself. When Astrid had fallen off Stormfly a year earlier, she made the most delectable cookies Akalya had ever tasted.

"What is she doing here?" Iris muttered the question to her cousin, eyeing the Hofferson girl with the devil's glare.

Ingrid rolled her eyes. She had always felt as if she was superior to her second cousin, Akalya. The Jorgenson's had a right to the chiefdom of Berk and the fact that Akalya was next in line infuriated her.

Akalya's eyes scanned the room once more, looking over all her new classmates. All of which she knewâ€¦ except for one, whom she had not noticed before now. He was a lengthy young lad with shaggy brown hair and mystical grey eyes. Akalya knew everyone in the village- that wasn't an exaggeration either. As the chief's daughter, she knew everything that went on in the village and she knew everything about everyone who lived in the village. It was a perk and side effect to be the Chief's daughter.

"So," Gobber bellowed, distracting the entire class from their snickering, "shall we begin our first lesson?" Akalya thought it strange that they hadn't started class, yet. She was two hours late; although, Gobber wouldn't be classified as the greatest of teachers.

"My dad said you nearly killed him the first time you gave a _'lesson'_," Mabel's voice was like thick honey. Her big, wide blue were looking up at him full of innocence and intrigue. She was most certainly Fishleg's daughter.

Gobber let out a bellowing laugh, "we won't get into that."

Mabel raised her eyebrow and shrunk back into the wall. Akalya slumped over to the group of kids and took a seat on the ground close to Mabel, who had separated herself from the others as well. Mabel flashed her precious blues in Akalya's direction and gave her a subtle smile. Akalya returned the gesture and then both turned their attention towards Gobber who was scribbling on the board. They rarely talked to each other, but neither really associated with the others. Akalya always wondered why they hadn't become friends... She supposed it was because Mabel liked to be one her own most of time and she didn't like to play the games that normal seven year olds enjoyed playing.

Akalya had mostly zoned out the entire lesson. While, she may have

been the town's next _'hiccup'_, Akalya was not completely clueless. She was fairly well educated in all the basics. Of coarse she wasâ€¦ have you met her parents?

The Hofferson-Haddock girl took the time to study her classmates instead. Ingrid was sitting behind her brother, braiding his hair and then taking it out and starting all over again. _What a great use of their time._ Iris was lying on her stomach, drawing in the dirt with a thin stick. The boy, whom Akalya had no name for, was possibly the only one who 'looked' as if he was listening. He sat with his legs crossed and his elbows on each knee, face in his palms, gazing up at the board in awe. Then, there was Mabel. She was always eager to learn, as Akalya remembered, but even she seemed bored out of her mind.

Suddenly, Ingrid's hand went up in the air.

"Yes, Ingrid?" Gobber pointed at her with thick sausage fingers.

Ingrid batted her big brown eyes and grinned innocently, "When do we get to start training with_ actual_ dragons?"

Gobber cleared his throat, "Well, there are certain cautionary measures we must take-"

"Like what?" Ingrid rolled her eyes.

"Well, Ms. Jorgenson," Gobber continued, "during these first four years you will learn to train the most untrainable-"

"What does that mean?"

Akalya rolled her eyes. Ingrid could be rather denseâ€¦ most of the time.

"As our Chief has done before us," Gobber explained, "if you want your own dragon, you must find it and train it-"

"Find it?" Ingrid groaned, "Can't we just have a nursery or something?"

Ugh. Akalya hit her head against the wall. Mabel's eyes wandered over to the Haddock girl and she chuckled.

"I'm feeling about the same as you, right about now," Mabel voiced.

Akalya let out a puff of air that could almost be mistaken as a laugh.

"We don't have to worry about that right now, Ingrid," Gobber finally said, "We still have the basics to get through."

The whole class groaned in misery at the thought of going through any more of this torture. Luckily, the door opened before Gobber could so much as turn around. The first thing the kids were able to see was the tall staff, and then Valka came through the door after it.

A smile came to Akalya's face. _'Thank Thor.'_ She thought to

herself. if anyone could make this class more interesting, it was her grandmother.

"Gobber," Valka began to speak, "Perhaps, we should take field trip to Dragon's Edge?"

Akalya had gotten to her feet and walked over to her grandmother. The mention of Dragon's Edge was of a definite interest to her. While, Dragon's Edge was no longer in use by her father and the original dragon riders, it had become a hot spot for the school. It was the perfect place to truly learn about dragons and their history.

Gobber agreed, like he had a choice. Valka was Headmaster- whatever she wanted, she got.

"Come now, children," Valka called to the rest of the kids. Everyone followed her out of the school. Now, they couldn't walk to Dragon's Edge, so the questions begged: _how were they getting there?_

Once outside the school, it became rather clear. Meatlug and Fishlegs were waiting out front along with Snotlout and Hookfang. Now, this was weird. It should be noted that by this point, Akalya was well aware that this was not a spur of the moment decision. Valka and Gobber had obviously put something into place before the day had even started. _So, what were they planning?_

Snotlout took his twins on Hookfang; Mabel rode with her father. As for the boy without a name, he rode with Gobber and Iris. Akalya knew that would have to be an interesting trip. Iris was a loudmouth; she wouldn't shut up the entire way there. Akalya was very lucky to have Valka there. The Hofferson child climbed unto Cloudjumper's back with her Amma and the whole group took off for Dragon's Edge.

* * *

><p>It had taken them longer to get there than expected. Everyone was chattering about their overwhelming excitement the entire way there. Dragon's Edge was something to be told, but rarely ever seen. No one ever knew why; perhaps they just had no need for it anymore now that dragons had settled their home on Berk. All of the children had questions, especially Akalya; although, she didn't voice any of them.<p>

"Do you see that island up ahead?" Valka whispered to Akalya so only she would hear. Her bony finger was pointed up in front of the girl's nose in the direction of the island she sought.

Akalya nodded her head and adjusted her neck to look up at her Amma, waiting for her to explain.

"That there is Dragon's Edge," Valka grinned slyly. Akalya turned to face the front again. Suddenly Cloudjumper dipped his head and they were taking a deep plunge towards the island. The other riders followed Valka's lead, taking the plunge after her.

Behind her, Akalya could hear the muffled screams of the kids who had not been expecting such a dive. The little chief has kept her vocals quiet, but her mouth was open in a big grin as they air swept over her face and pulled at her braided hair. She almost let out a giggle of excitement as Cloudjumper spun around and expanded his

double-wing; then he slowed his pace and they were gliding through the cut wind, his wings, once again, slapped together into one.

_Show off, _Akalya thought to herself fondly, as her little hand scratched the dragon's scaly neck.

It was apparent that this was Dragon's Edge. All of the features of the mini village were visible this up close. Akalya could see her parent's handiwork behind this. The child leaned forward in the saddle, looking down over the Edge. This wasn't what she expected. Suddenly she heard an all too familiar _squawk_ from down below.

"Stormfly!" Akalya shouted in greeting to her Nadder friend who had taken a step into the open and was hopping up and down, looking up at the sky.

Amma's little granddaughter looked back at her and raised her eyebrow; she was confused, "what is she doing here?"

Valka didn't say anything. She only smiled cheekily and Cloudjumper circled around the Edge and landed in the centre of the fortified hideout. The other dragons landed shortly after, all around the same general area.

Stormfly came hopping over to them, bobbing her head up and down and _squawking_ like a mad dragon. Akalya slid off the saddle before Cloudjumper had even settled after the flight. The other children watched as Akalya danced around the Nadder giggling and flapping around, mimicking the Nadder's movements. Finally, the Deadly Nadder stopped playing this silly game and charged forward nudging her beak into the little girls stomach gently. Akalya fell onto her back; Stormfly kept nuzzling the girl. The other students sat on the dragons, watching the encounter with cocked heads and confused expressions.

Squawk!

"Okay. Okay," Akalya pushed the Nadder's beak away from her so she could stand up. "You win"

Squawk! Stormfly flapped her wings in triumph.

The group of students and their guides had landed on a grassy plain. Around them were rounded-top domes and various buildings that mimicked the Berkian style of architecture; although, these structures had more dragon-like characteristics built into them. Not to mention, some were beginning to crumble and fall apart. It was like walking into a ghost town. In front of them lay the largest building of all; a large dome with a crank attached, which meant it probably opened. That could only mean the structure was the infamous arena of the Edge. Akalya's eyes scanned the skies. There was a series of bridges attaching several smaller buildings and/or houses, built up on the higher ground. It was all rather impressive.

Not to far from they were all standing, there was a loud growl. All the kids' attention had turned to the large dome structure in front of them. Akalya's gaze had dropped from the skies to the ground in the direction of the strange and frightening noise. Stormfly

squawked, batting her wings as she often did. A dark figure touched the rim of the children's view, it's ears twitching, out came the notorious Night Fury. He was showing off; stalking forward with his eyes slits and he bared his teeth.

"Toothless," Akalya put her hands on her hips, bidding the dragon to cease his little show. The Night Fury did so almost immediately; suddenly his frightening demeanor was gone and his eyes were large and square, his tongue had fallen out of his mouth and he came prancing toward the girl wagging his tail happily.

Behind the dragons and their favoured child, the other kids had gathered together and formed a pack in between the adults and Akalya. Never had any of them bothered to_ really _notice the Hofferson girl; therefore this strange encounter with her dragons was rare and oddly questionable. It may even become the topic of gossip and something to poke fun at when they were bored of the current child's trials.

Akalya reached out her hand to pet the Night Fury's broad nose, when another familiar voice erupted through the air.

"Took you long enough." Akalya's eyes scanned the ground to the fur boots in her line of sight. She looked up to her mother. Immediately, she dropped her hand to her side, not daring to pet her beloved dragon after the argument they had had last night. Toothless pouted, his nose dropping in disappointment and confusion as the child shied away from him. He was tempted to take a another step closer to her and force his nose under her touch, but Astrid and Valka has momentarily distracted him.

Astrid was addressing Valka, who took a step forward, "It was late notice, my dear." The old woman responded.

"Does anyone want to tell us what we're doing here?" Ingrid's voice cut through the air like a sharpened knife. Her voice made Akalya cringe.

"What better way to learn about dragons than Dragon's Edge?" Astrid's question was rhetorical. The lady-chief gestured for Valka to go ahead of her; Valka waved her hand to the kids and beckoned them to follow her into the large dome ahead. All followed, except Akalya. She stayed, with her arms crossed over chest, narrowing a glare at her mother.

Astrid mocked her by the doing same in a teasing manner, somewhat, "What?"

"Why are we here?" Akalya asked her, once everyone had disappeared inside, "More importantly, why are _we _here?" She had never heard of a group of second years traveling to Dragon's Edge. Especially with the presence of the co-chief. Akalya couldn't' help but think that it was because of her. She was soon to learn that her thoughtless wonderings were not prematurely conceived.

There was a hint of a smile painted on her mother's lips as she uncrossed her arms and walked forward, kneeling in front of her daughter, "because you did something incredibly stupid yesterday."

Akalya rolled her eyes, _'Great. This again.'_ She scowled at her mother, pinching her nose up the way she did whenever she was peeved off or severely annoyed. In this case, it was both.

Astrid's face fell, "Stop." She snapped a little harsher than she had intended. She shook her head and took a deep breath, "that's not what this is about."

Akalya let her face relax, though she didn't lose her skeptics.

"Yesterday," Astrid continued, "You caught my attention. Prove to me that you can ride a dragon."

Akalya titled her head to the side, "I don't understand."

"Today is your chance to prove to those little _pricks_ that you're a Hofferson and Hofferson's not easily put down," Astrid sounded rather determined. No- that didn't sound right. Akalya thought she sounded... _pissed._ "Amma told me that you talked to her a couple weeks back about your apprehensions towards school."

"I didn't think that would get back to youâ€¦" Akalya's face fell and her eyes met the ground. Before her grandmother had left she had told her in confidence all the nasty things the other kids said to her. Hence, her terrible attitude towards the thought of going to school, which Astrid had noticed but chose to ignore. She didn't realise how bad things truly were; she did now.

"Akalya," Astrid pinched her daughters chin and raised her up to meet her gaze, "When stuff like that happens, I'd like to believe that you would come and tell me." Astrid searched her daughters face for some sign of confirmation, but Akalya hadn't made much of a gesture.

The child had frowned, slightly embarrassed that she was even having this conversation with her mother. "When did Amma tell you?" She asked after a brief moment of silence.

"This morning," Astrid dropped her hand from her daughters chin and rested it on her knee, "as soon as I got to the school, actually."

A little shiver shot down her spine. If had been this morning, there was a chance that her Amma had mentioned more to her mother than just her apprehension. She wouldn't dare mention the dreams, would she? She couldn't' imagine the betrayal she would feel; she told her Amma everything in confidence. Why was it, then, that her grandmother decided to tell her about this?

"Is that what this is?" Akalya asked, ignoring her true questions and pushing to challenge her mother further, "A pity party? Or aâ€¦ show 'em up, type of thing?" She continued to frown.

Astrid shrugged. Perhaps, it was a little selfish of her to put her daughter in the spotlight like this all of the sudden, but she wouldn't stand by and let the other kids tease her the way they did. "Think of it more of a _prove your skills_â€¦ type thing."

"Does Daddy know you're doing this?" Akalya put her hands on her hips.

"Why do you think Toothless it here?" Astrid pointed out.

At the mentioned of his name, the Night Fury waddled over and warbled calmly, pushing his nose under Akalya's arm and nuzzling close. His eyes shut and he _cooed_. Akalya couldn't hide the growing grin blushing upon her rounded face as she cradled the Night Fury's wide muzzle.

Then Akalya's eyes went wide, "So Daddy's here?" She chirped, glancing around the grounds for any sure sign of him. She was eager to spend the time with her father; with him around, she was retrospect the fact that Toothless was there alone should've been enough to convince her that her father was there; her question had been poorly conceived and a little foolish.

Astrid nodded, "Toothless wouldn't be here if he weren't." She rose to her normal height, "he's in the arena." Astrid held out her hand for her daughter; Akalya gladly took it, smiling wildly, and together they walked into the arena hand-in-hand with the two dragons following at their heels.

* * *

><p>Next chapter we get to the point! Why are they at Dragon's Edge? You're about to find out.

Don't forget to REVIEW and FOLLOW for updates!

Remember, I like all criticism good and bad. Also, if you have any ideas, let me know and perhaps I can find a way to wiggle them into the story somehow.

End
file.